THE GOSSIP.

A Canadian Society Journal with Philatelic and Numismatic Departments

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE"

VOL. II.—No. 1.) GOSSIP PUB. CO.) OTTAWA, MAY, 1887. (2c. per No. (25c. per Year.

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OUR DEBUT.

In presenting this number of the GOSSIP it is not our intention to make any long list of promises, only to say it will appear regularly and will be read by the higher classes of society. We intend to cater to the clite and fashion, and ask the support of all who take an interest in the special departments of philately, numismatists, society news, etc. We will appeal to the refined classes by refined methods and will endeavor faithfully to reflect and summarize the intellectual and political movements of the day. We will follow in the footsteps of none, but simply give the truth. Our advertisers will be all specially recommended by us and no *fraud* will be allowed to use our columns. We send out about 10,000 sample copies and all those who receive them should send in 25c. for a year's subscription. As our business demands it we will enlarge and give new features from time to time.

It will be our ambition to guide our craft safely into port for the welfare of our customers, to present a safe and trustworthy medium wherein buyers may see the advertisements of reliable dealers, of whom they may purchase without fear of imposition; and to subscribers we will refund every cent lost through our advertising columns thus endorsing our advertisers and securing their customers.

Next month we will expose several frauds, and their tricks to deceive the public will be laid bare.

We hope our readers will pardon the rush of advertisements in this number, which has crowded out our personal and political gossip.

The following are our regular authorized advertising agents:—Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.; R. L. Watkins & Co., Prospect, Ohio; N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

Those of refined tastes should go and hear the Alpine Choir.

We are glad to see that Capt. Volney V. Ashford, a Canadian officer now resident in Hawaii, has been promoted to Major and reelected as Commandant of the Honolulu Rifles, the only white regiment in the Sandwich Isles. Maj. Ashford's command was recently presented with new colors by the King, who complimented them on their patriotism and military proficiency. An interesting account of the affair is held over until our next number.

We would like to hear from D A Vindin, P. Gewelke, Max Richter, Jas. Steiner, Nat A. Solomon and J. B. Meyer.

We can confidently recommend the Novelty Book Co., whose advt. appears elsewhere. The Co. is composed of three of the Capital's energetic young men.

Leave your subscriptions at Uglow's Bookstore, 80 Sparks st., where extra copies can be had.

Sarah Jane: "Well, Aunt Cruzer, did you have a nice time at the Bowlers' ?" Aunt Cruzer: "Nice time! Well, it's the last time I set foot in that house. Why, when I come to go, they didn't even say, what's my hurry!"

Society Notes.

The Independent Order of Foresters are increasing rapidly. Large additions to the membership rolls have taken place lately.

The Sons of England are about to institute a new lodge in lower town. About 25 have signed preliminary roll. All Englishmen and their descendants who wish to join should leave their name at E. Ackroyds', Sparks st.

Dr. J. H. Parnell has been appointed on the head-quarters staff of the Patriarchs Militant.

H. A. Ward, Esq., the popular M. P. for East Durham, is a member of the S. O. E.

Lodge notes gladly received and published free of charge The first 20 subscribing this month receive a handsome premium *free*. Only 25c. per year. Leave your names at Uglow's Bookstore, Sparks st.

Canton No. 9, P. M., are steadily progressing. The members are busy uniforming.

Derby Lodge, No. 30, S. O. E., have purchased a fine Union Jack. Long may she wave.

As our civic authorities have not woke up to their duty why not our societies, national and benevolent, get up a Jubilee celebration.

The Oddfellows' will run monster Jubilee excursions to Peterboro' in August when the Grand Lodge meets. There will be a grand prize drill tournament, and the Queen's Own Rifles will also be there.

The Ancient Order of Foresters are opening up some new lodges in this district.

The Sons of St. George, who, by the way, are ten thousand strong, made a desperate effort to amalgamate with the S. O. E. However, there is a wide field for both organizations.

Jas. Sutherland, Esq., M. P. Oxford, is one of the leading members of the I. O. O. F. in the West.

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BY EXPRESS.

Early morning in the Sierra. A faint glimmering of dawn in the east, tinging the lower edges of dark storm-clouds rifted by the icy winds; distant peaks dimly visible through the twilight, looming ghastly in their snowy shrouds against the paling gray of the murky horizon. Tall pines shadowing in graceful grandeur the moist and slippery sides of the dark ravines, through which gurgle the vagrant waters of a storm that has raged through the night. Absolute solitude—even the wind has ceased its monotonous requiem, exhausted by its mad efforts in the hours of darkness. The air grows colder. A snowflake flutters down through the uncertain half-light, hesitates an instant, as if struggling against a manifest destiny, and then falls helplessly, hopelessly, into the yellow, watery mud of the torn and gullied mountain road, to be absolved with impunity and lost forever. Under the silent boughs of a great pine, watching the gathering light in the east—a man—the only living creature visible in this sad, gloomy picture. A mask veils his features, and in his hands, cocked and ready for instant use, he holds a double barreled shotgun.

"I wonder where I will be this time tomorrow?" Most men soliloquize when alone, and this man simply obeyed a natural impulse in uttering his thoughts aloud. The sound of his voice seemed to relieve the monotony. "I won't be here, that's certain," he continued. "I know where I think I'll be, but it's a mighty long distance, and the trail's through the woods. I've got three chances at the outcome—safety; bolts, bars, and strong walls; or——"

The musical jingling of spurs and the irregular slap-dash of a horse's hoofs trotting through the mud interrupted the vague speculations of the man and caused him to draw closer into the shadow. The horseman passed. As the jingling of spurs and splutter of hoofs died away over the hill the man emerged from the shadow and looked down the road. He listened; his form, slightly bent, was outlined against the dawn-light, a sinister silhouet, only half human, if the imagination were to seek a resemblance between the motionless form in this attitude and a bird of prey. Suddenly the listener started back once more. The movement was agile and cat-like; firm, determined, desperate. A singular medley of sound floated through the still air—the creaking of wheels, the rattling of harness, the constant cracking of a whip, the constant splashing of horses' hoofs, and the hoarse cries of a man urging a spirited team to renewed exertions. Nearer and nearer came the discordant noises. The man in the shadow of the pine grew more rigid and more alert. His fingers sought the triggers of his gun, and his thumb pressed more firmly over the hammers. His neck was stretched forth like the neck of the condor as it watches herdsmen on the plains below.

"Git along there! What's the matter with ye, Blaze? —— those roads!" and the driver threw "the silk into the off leader" at the rate of twenty cracks a minute. The four mustangs plunged furiously, and the stage creaked agonizingly, the harness straining with the spasmodic efforts of the horses to drag the heavily laden vehicle up the grade.

"Hold on, there, Baldy!"

It was the man in shadow who spoke. The horses swerved to the right and almost overturned the stage. The driver, however, had presence of mind, and was skillful; he dragged the leader trembling with fright back into the road and turned his attention to the man with the shotgun.

"Moist morning," the latter remarked in a somewhat sympathizing tone.

"Purty wet," the driver replied.

"Roads bad?" inquired the man, throwing his gun into the hollow of his arm, so that the muzzle bore directly, though apparently unintentionally, upon the door of the stage, from the interior of which a head had been suddenly projected, when the stage stopped, and which was as suddenly withdrawn when a certain instinctive curiosity had been satisfied in the twin depths of the gun barrels.

"Purty bad, stranger, from the Crimea House down," said the driver. "Anything I ken do fur ye? I don't mind swappin' a lie or two 'ith ol' friends when I meet 'em, but ye see I am a leetle behind time this morning', an' I haven't got much leeway ef I'm goin' to git into Stockton afore night."

"That's so, Baldy, ol' man," replied the man familiarly, "and you needn't put yourself out on my account. Just chuck down that box of mine and we will call it square."

"Which box!"

"That one under your seat there; it's marked 'Wells, Fargo an' Co. I'm Fargo."

"O, you're Fargo, eh?" said Baldy, simulating a renewed interest in the adventure. "Well, I declare, I thought I met you afore, and I'll be d—d ef I could place you. How's the fam'ly, Fargo!"

"First rate, Baldy."

"Ol' woman's as spry as ever, I s'pose?"

"Never felt better in her life."

"Kids all hunkidori, eh!"

"You Bet. Call around and see us, Baldy, when you get a chance; Mrs. Fargo'd be delighted to see you, old man."

"So I will, Fargo; so I will. But I say, Fargo, this yer box o' yours is a valu'ble package, and goes through to the 'address' o' the firm."

"Never mind that, Baldy. You tell I took charge of it. That'll be all right. There's documents in the box that I can't get along without just now—business of the firm you know—and seeing you are behind time maybe you'd better not fool round any more gassing with me."

As he said this the muzzle of the gun gradually lifted, until the yawning barrels covered the driver, inducing two Chinamen on the back seat to shrink nervously toward the opposite side of the stage. Baldy wrapped the lines around the brake and bent over to drag out the box. He had some difficulty in extracting the bulky padlock concern from the pile of mail bags, but he finally succeeded, and raising the box on the edge of the boot inquired:

"Is this the bizness, Fargo?"

"I reckon—throw it down, and I'll make an inspection. Yes, that's what I'm looking for," he added, after the box had fallen with a jingling crash at his feet. "Want a receipt, Baldy?"

"No, I guess not," said the driver. "I'll tell Wells you took charge o' the valu'ble package, and'——"

"That'll be all right, Baldy," interrupted the man. "Wells won't kick. Hope you'll make the trip all right, old man."

"Anything else, Fargo?"

"Don't think of anything else just now. I guess you can drive right along."

"No message to inquirin' friends?"

"Nary message."

"Be here when I get back?"

"Most likely I won't be here."

"Well, so long, Fargo; take care o' yerself."

"So long, Baldy; I'll see you later."

And so they parted.

By this time the morning was well advanced. The clouds hung low and the air was moist and uncomfortable Snowflakes drifted through the pines and great masses of vapor shifted along the slopes of the distant mountains. The highwayman dragged the express-box into the ravine, where he would be free from observation and sheltered from the growing inclemency of the weather. Here he broke open the box with a hatchet which he carried in his belt, and in a few minutes he had transferred all the coin packages to his pockets. As he arose, the superscription of a letter caught his eye—the letter lay half buried in the mud, where it had been flung by the robber when he rifled the box. The impress of the highwayman's heel was upon it, but the address was clearly legible: John R. Richmond, Columbia, Tuolumne Co., Cal.

The robber stood for a moment as if spellbound, contemplating this letter as Robinson Crusoe contemplated the footprint in the sand. Then he picked it up and rubbed the mud from the envelope upon his sleeve. He examined it with deep interest. The superscription was in the handwriting of a woman—small, delicate, but faltering, as if the fingers that held the pen trembled when the writing was done. The envelope was postmarked "Utica, N. Y.' The robber slowly tore the end of the envelope and withdrew a sheet of note paper, closely written. As he read he smiled, and when he had finished he returned the letter to its envelope and placed it in his pocket. Glancing swiftly around, he stood for a moment irresolute. Having decided what direction he should take, now that flight was necessary, he climbed to the ridge above the canon, and with a swift stride pressed steadily forward, During the morning he tramped through unfrequented paths, avoiding the habitations of men, and seemingly heedless of the storm that now whirled and roared around him. He had disarded his mask and hatchet beside the express box, but he carried his shotgun, not so much for personal protection as to afford an excuse for prowling through the hills. To the casual passer-by he was simply a hunter, whose luck or skill had been bad, returning empty-handed through a driving snow-storm.

At noon the snow fell so thick that he could scarcely follow the trail. An hour later he stopped. He began to doubt whether he was pursuing the right course. He strained his eyes to catch some familiar landmark, but the snowflakes fell around him like a fleecy, shifting curtain. He strode forward once more, this time slowly—feeling his way. He was beginning to be confused. Again he paused. This time he realized the dangers which this circumstance entailed. He had but one recourse at that moment. He would descend the first gulch and follow it to its outlet. As he hurried forward, floundering through the deepening drifts, he found that he was traversing a broad plateau. While speculating what "flat" this could be he plunged headlong into a bush fence. He was saved. As he arose he heard voices. Guided by this welcome sound he soon reached a barn. Sheltering himself under the lee of the barn, he waited until the men retired and then he crept into the building. Several horses occupied stalls in the stable, and farming implements and harness were scattered about. The robber climbed into the loft, and, burying himself in the hay, was soon sleeping soundly.

When he awoke it was night, and the stars were shining clear and bright in the cloudless sky. The snow lay thick in every direction, and the only sound that broke the silence was the dripping of water from the eaves of the barn. He looked out and saw a horse a short distance from his place of concealment. No one was stirring and no lights were visible. Descending to the lower floor of the barn the highwayman lighted a lantern and began to search for something among the implements scattered about. In a few moments he found a saddle, which he carried to one of the stalls, and, speaking low to one of the horses, placed it on the animal's back. Having secured the saddle he took down the bridle and adjusted it in the horse's mouth. Then he listened. The silence reassured him. He opened the door and led the horse out into the starlight. Choosing a path that led away from the house, he was making good progress toward a gate when his plans were disturbed by the sudden, fierce outcry of dogs. They came at him from every direction, yelping, barking baying. There was not an instant to be lost. To hesitate meant an unequal struggle with the dogs and ultimate capture by the inmates of the house. Leaping to the saddle the desperate man urged his horse at the fence. The animal was game, and answered the hoarse cry of its rider by rising at the fence and clearing it at a single bound. He thought he heard an answering shout from the farmhouse, but he was not certain and he had no desire to solve this doubt. In two hours, by hard riding, he had left danger miles behind and reined his horse into a rapid walk.

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The foothills of the Sierras are thickly wooded with white, black, and live oak, thus relieving the monotony of an otherwise barren landscape. Even in the depth of winter these oaks retain their foliage, and one never sees in California the gnarled branches and leafless boughs so conspicuously wintry in their nakedness in less favored climes. Standing beneath one of these oaks, the day following his escape from the mountain ranch, the highwayman watched the approach of a party of horsemen. The horse he had stolen stood beside him, covered with mud from neck to fetlock—foundered. The horsemen in the distance rode furiously, and they were heading directly for the tree beneath which the fugitive stood. There was a smile upon his lips, and he seemed in an unusually cheerful mood.

"Those fellows mean business," he muttered. "They wouldn't have followed me so close if they didn't. Looks as if the game was up on this side of the board—home to deal and a handful of small cards. I guess I'll have to peg out." The rude realism of the simile amused the stage-robber and his eyes twinkled humorously. "When I started on this risky enterprise I tried to look ahead into the future a day or two. I wondered where I'd be about this time. I took my chances on two losing cards—a jail and a rope—and I reckon I won the rope. The gang don't look like a crowd of missionaries chasing me to save my immortal soul. It ain't the Sheriff, because the Sheriff don't hunt coyotes with a brass band. I think it is this horse that has settled my business. Well, what of it? I played it for all it was worth, but two little pair don't beat a king full, and I don't think my bluff is going to work."

By this time the pursuers were thundering up the slope, their horses reeking with sweat and panting with their exertion. There were ten men in the crowd, and their stern, bearded faces wore an expression anything but reassuring to the man who so calmly awaited them. They circled the tree without a word and hastily secured their animals to the branches. One of them, a tall, bronzed, muscular young man, uncoiled a lariat from the horn of his saddle and flung it defiantly and with ominous significance at the feet of the robber. The leader of the horsemen then approached

"Good mornin, stranger, he remarked, in that easy, familiar tone peculiar to the mountaineer of California, with whom the time of day is always morning until night.

"Good morning," the highwayman answered, extending his hand with a cordiality that was ironical in its effusiveness. The leader grasped the proffered hand half mechanically, his face indicating surprise at the coolness of the man they intended to hang.

"Belong in these parts?" he asked.

"No; can't say I'm exactly a residenter of this quarter-section just now."

"Maybe you're thinkin' o' pre-emptin' a claim?"

"You've struck it, pard. I've been running pretty free of late, and I've about concluded to settle down, quiet-like and easy." The man looked steadily into the eyes of his executioner, his cheek unblanched and his voice as calm and passionless as if the idea of a painful death at the hands of these determined men was the last thought in his mind. The leader of the horsemen whispered softly. Then he said:

"Been here long?"

"Halt an hour."

"Haven't seen anything of a claybank mare branded 'J. C.' on the left flank, have you?"

"Pacer?"

"That's her gait."

"White spot in her forehead?"

"You know her, stranger."

"I guess I've seen the mare. Belong to you?"

"I paid $160 fur the brute, an' I haven't sold her yet."

"Had an offer?"

"No."

"Want to sell?"

"Well, I can't say I do—not just now, anyhow. Why? You wasn't thinkin o' buyin' the mare, was ye?"

"O, I didn't know but we might make some sort o' trade. I've been traveling pretty lively the last two days, and this mare of mine is petered."

"'Pears to me your mare's a claybank, too," and the leader approached the animal, patting her gently on the neck.

"That's her color, pardy," said the other, "and she's a dandy. I wouldn't take $200 for her if she was in condition."

"White spot in her forehead, too. Stranger, ef this warn't your mare I'd swear she was mine." He walked slowly around the horse, examining the animal in detail and commenting upon her various points of resemblance to his own. Yes, sir; this yer mare o' yours, stranger, is the dead image of one I lost yesterday mornin'. I shouldn't be surprised ef she was my mare's twin sister."

"You say you've lost your mare?"

"Sartin."

"Broke out o' the corral, I s'pose.'

"With a man on her back."

"Ah!"

"You say you've seen the critter, stranger?"

"Perhaps."

"Maybe you noticed the party a-ri lin' her?"

"I took particular notice of the individual. He was a tall man."

"'Bout your hight, maybe?"

"Yes, and he wore a broad-brimmed slouch hat, something like this one." The imperturbable robber removed his hat and held it towards the other.

"Notice his hair and beard?"

"Sandy."

"Light complected, eh?"

"'Bout my color."

The leader turned to his companions and said:

"Boys, I reckon were much obleeged to the stranger."

There was a murmur of assent.

"Reckon we're hot on the trail?"

"You bet."

"Stranger," began the leader, turning once more to his victim, "we're much obleeged to ye fur yer information. The party ye saw ridin' that claybank pacer—that tall, sandy-complected party you say looks so much like present company—stole the mare, and we're——"

"May be he only borrowed the mare," interrupted the robber.

"That's so. I didn't think o' that. But he borrowed her in the night-time from my barn, close to my house, while I was asleep."

"I guess he didn't want to disturb you—some folks are considerate, you know."

"He might 'a waited till mornin'."

"Perhaps he was in a hurry."

"Precisely; an' come to think of it, so are we. I guess we'll have to be on the move of we calkerlate to ketch up 'ith the hoss-thief."

He picked up the lariat and threw one end over the branch of the oak. The other men took hold of the rope and ranged themselves in a line. The leader adjusted the noose and placed it around the highwayman's neck. The latter submitted without a shudder. He even smiled, and, as the loop was drawn tight, said:

"Thanks, I forgot to put on my necktie this mornin'."

"Ye don't know how a necktie improves ye," the leader replied.

"O, I'm a dandy in full dress," said the prisoner. "But, I say, pard, can't we make some sort of trade on that hoss bizness? I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll give you my mare and $500 cash for your horse, and take the chances of finding the man that borrowed your animal."

"That's a pretty good offer, stranger, but ye see the mare's sort of a favorite with the women folks, and they'd break their hearts ef they thought I sold her. No, stranger, I can't sell; I'd never hear the last of it, an' peace in the family's wuth more to me than $500. I'm sorry, but I reckon the trade's off. How's that sort of a knot suit ye? 'Tain't as tasty as I'd like, but m' fingers are all thumbs to-day, and you must excuse me ef it don't look as pretty as a red sash on a greaser's stomach. There I reckon that'll do."

"Much obliged, pard." The voice of the highwayman was somewhat choked, but it was not with his emotion. "Are you going? Well, good luck to you."

The men on the rope stepped back two paces. The lariat tightened between the robber's neck and the bough over which it had been flung.

"Any word ye'd like to send your bereaved relatives?" asked the leader, as he moved away.

"Nothing partic'lar," replied the highwayman. "Nothing except an answer I'd like written to a letter I've got in my pocket."

"I reckon we ken 'tend to that little bizness," said the leader.

"I don't like to trouble you, gentlemen, but it would be a great accommodation to me."

No trouble, stranger. Where's the letter?"

"In my coat pocket."

The leader, after considerable fumbling, found the letter.

"Is this the dockyment?" he inquired.

"That's the paper, and if it wouldn't be too much trouble, perhaps you'll read it aloud to the boys. They might suggest some points for the answer. Besides, I'd like to refresh my own memory a bit."

The leader glanced at the address:

"John R. Richmond, Columbia, Tuolumne County."

"That's me," said the robber.

The leader drew the envelope and read loud:

"SWEET HOME, Oct. 21, 1859.—*My Darling Boy:* The years are dragging wearily by, and I am growing old in my loneliness. The grave seems colder and more cheerless as I totter toward it, bereft of the loving presence of my darling child. Why do you leave me thus in my old age? O, John, I yearn for you. I long to clasp you in my arms once more, to lay my cheek againgt yours; to kiss the lips I kissed so fondly as you slept in your cradle before you knew a mother's love. It has been fifteen years since you left me—fifteen years of waiting, and watching, and praying for your return. Do you realize how my heart goes out to you—a mother's heart? Do you realize the fear that oppresses her as she thinks of the dangers that surround you in that far away land, among desperate men, whose hand may not be restrained against you by the love a mother bears for a wayward child. Have you forgotten me, John? I almost feel that you have, for I have heard nothing from you for months. I am uncertain that this will reach you. John, your mother, who loves you better than life, is waiting for you, and her eyes are dim with tears of disappointment. My heart aches as I think that perhaps I am forgotten by my beloved son—the only tie that binds me to earth. Shall I ever see my boy again? Shall I clasp him to my bosom once more? O, I could die happy with his arms about me, my head pillowed upon his breast, or his head was once pillowed upon mine. I cannot realize that my darling, my baby, is a man, for in my heart's memory he is still a child—an innocent, laughing, mother-loving boy. Come home, John. It will not be long, and when this feeble body lies cold in the grave you may wander out into the world again. Remember, John, a mother's love is more precious than all besides, and until death comes to end my longing I shall wait—O, so patiently—and watch through my tears for the coming of him who is dearest to me on earth. MOTHER."

The bright sunlight flooded a landscape barren and cheerless. The blue of the sky above was simply a relief such as Nature, in her regard for the fitness of things, had spread over the unattractive prospect for pleasant contrast. As the leader's voice ceased there was a silence in that terrible group for a moment; even the restless horses were still. The stern judges stood like statues grasping the lariat. But the rope had slackened as that mother's pathetic appeal was read. And, standing there on the brink of his grave, John Richmond faced his executioners as calmly, as resigned as if the soul of a martyr animated him instead of a sin-stained, reckless, desperate heart that might shrink from no villiany.

"He's game." The man who spoke had released his hold on the lariat. The leader replaced the letter in Richmond's pocket. Looking around upon his followers he observed that only two of them retained their hold upon the rope, and even these men were doubtful and hesitating. The leader understood the temper of his companions.

"Stranger," he said, striding close to the pinioned man, "whar were ye goin' when we met you?"

"I was going home."

"It's a long way home, stranger."

"I know it."

"And the trail's crooked."

"I won't lose it, pard, if my life is spared."

The leader unbound the highwayman, and, turning to his companions, remarked, in a voice softer than usual:

"Boys, some of us have mothers back in the States, and maybe we're thinkin' o' those mothers at this identical minute. It's my opinion that those mothers have saved a man's life to-day." Then to the highwayman: "Stranger its nigh sundown, an' we've got a long road afore us. Good-day." They shook hands, and the leader mounted his horse. As the men rode out from beneath the shadow of the oak the highwayman followed.

"How 'bout the mare, pard? I stick to my bargain."

"Never mind the mare, stranger; there'll be horses when were dead, but a man never had but one mother."

The highwayman watched thehorseman as they rode down the hillside—watched them, silent and motionless, until they disappeared from his view. Then his hand slowly rose to his neck, and lingered there a moment with a soft-clutching movement of the fingers, and the smile that seemed habitual with him swept once more across his face.

"I'll thank that man if I ever meet him," he murmured. I'll thank him from the bottom of my heart, and I'll ask him to thank that good, kind old mother of his for me. It was lucky for me that his name was the same as mine, or I'd never saved it. It must have been a special Providence, or something of that sort, and I'm thankful to all parties concerned; but it was a close call, all the same.

Like It Vhas in Shermany.

By Carl Dunder.

If I find a man who vhas honest und oop-right I doan' go back on him pecause he eats mit his kife.

Vhen somepody comes to me and says dis worldt vhas all a sham und dot all men vhas dishonest, I doan' say nottings. I look a leedle oudt dot he doan' steal my beer glasses und deceive me py his lies.

Some men vhill lay for you for a dozen years, und sometimes vhen you shtub your toe dey vhill shump in und shudge your whole character py der remarks indulged in at dot time.

It vhas pooty easy to wonder how dis mans or dot mans gets along so well and dond't work, but we doan' stop a leedle to see if he doan' wonder der same mit us.

If an oldt man comes to me und asks if he should get married again I tell him it vhas all right. It vhas one of der vhays he can make a fool of himself according to law.

Maype it vhas all right dot some mans vhas very rich and some very poor. If dis vhas not so der poor mans would have nothings to compare himself to und no care for wealth.

Some efenings vhen I vhas in my own house a tramp comes along and shtrikes me for a quarter to get a night's lodging. I owe him nothings, und he vhas a fraud, but I gif it to him pecause if he shump in der river und I vhas on der coroner's shury it damage me fife dollar.

Vhen some people meet mit troubles dey vhas all knocked to pieces, ash if it vhas totally unoxpected. I pelief dot der Lord oxpected troubles und misfortunes for der whole human race, und dot der man who shlips aroundt 'em vhas too mean to go to Heafen.

Der line between ignorance and vice vhas so narrer dot der want of a nickel vhill push a man oafer. Not dot some ignorant men vhas not honest, but dot ignorance vhill make a man pelief dot der vorldt owes him a living. Vhen he gets dot idea he vhas ready to shteal der living which der vorld owes somepody else.

Hadn't Sense Enough for That.

Careful Mamma—"I don't think you ought to sit on the same sofa with Mr. De Lone when he calls to see you, dear."

Charming daughter—"Why, the sofas are great big things. What difference does it make?"

"He might forget himself and suddenly reach over and kiss you."

"Humph! He hasn't sense enough."

Smith's Nerve.

Johnnie—"You are not a bit nervous, are you, Mr. Smith?"

Smith—"Why, no Johnnie; why do you ask?"

Johnnie—"'Cause ma said at breakfast to-day, that she thought you had a good deal of nerve to be sitting up with Mary Jane till twelve o'clock without coming to the point."

Bloodshed Averted.

Little Man.—"I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar?"

Big Man.—"No, I didn't use the word unmitigated.'"

Little Man.—"Then I accept your apology."

There are 9,199 licensed saloons in New York city, or one saloon to every 140 inhabitants.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

There is no man who is not better or worse to-day by means of what he thought, designed, or did yesterday.

Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of things. That means contentment in its best sense.

Honor your engagement. If you promise to meet a man or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time.

If you are fortunate enough to possess youth, be careful in the handling of wine. In its moderate use—as in that of many other blessings—lie health and cheer; but excess means misery and disease.

It is not isolated great deeds which do most to form a character, but small conterminous acts touching and blending into one another. The greenness of a field comes not from trees, but from blades of grass.

A good test of one's condition is ability to sleep well. Toil that does not interfere with sleep cannot be said to be excessive. Idleness that prevents sound and refreshing sleep, and takes away the keen appetite for it, robs a man of this among other blessings of life, and makes existence empty.

The quarrelsome man not only poisons the happiness of his own family and friends, but also his own. He generates antagonism, ill feeling, and dislike wherever he vents his spleen, and these react on him to his misery. When to this is added the internal irritation of his own feelings, it is very certain that he is himself the greatest sufferer from his own pugnacity.

Of all educations that which has for its object the right fulfilment of parental duties would seem among the most important. Yet, as a general thing, that relation is entered upon with only crude and desultory ideas of the principles involved; and while intelligence and experience slowly bring a measure of wisdom, it often comes too late for the most pressing necessities.

A great portion of all the worst mischief, negative and positive, that ever afflicted the world is traceable to what people erroneously call conscience, but which is often only a hateful compound of ignorance, prejudice, and vindictiveness. The duty of man is to improve those faculties which enable him to think and act correctly. He must make his conscience a good enlightened conscience; then, and then only, will he be entitled to honour and credit in acting upon it.

Benevolence has a farther-reaching service to render to mankind than is usually supposed. Not merely to listen to complaints, to relieve conscious suffering, and to supply recognized deficiencies is her appointed work, but also to detect the poverty that fancies itself rich, the ignorance that thinks itself wise, the grievances suffered unknowingly, the wrongs inflicted unthinkingly, the sins committed without remorse, the woes endured without effort to avert them.

It is all very well to talk of early marriages as in every way best for the morality and general well being of the community. But there is another side. How many foolish boys and girls rush into matrimony without the most distant prospect of even making a reasonably fair start in comfortable house-keeping. They are like the Irishman, who married one day and applied for parish help the next, while he gave as an excuse for his matrimonial venture "we could not be worse and we might be better." They *can* be worse by marrying. Indeed often are, and the morality is often not a bit better after than before. In this country young people, if at all thrifty and industrious, can make a fair provision for house-keeping before they are twenty-five and no man or woman ought to marry before that time. But to buy the few pieces of furniture "on tick" is too bad. Better never marry at all. And to think of people that do this, talking of love and all that! Pshaw! It is too absurd.

Of Home Development.

"When you have a cold spell," said a Manitoba man to a Torontonian, with a slight tinge of sarcasm, "you say it comes from Manitoba, and when you have a hot spell it comes from Manitoba. Where does your fine weather come from—Manitoba too?"

"Oh no," responded the Torontonian; "our fine weather is of a purely local origin."

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Visiting chevaliers cordially welcome.

SONS OF ENGLAND.—Derby Lodge, No. 30, S. O. E. B. S., Meet the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in every month in Cameron Hall, Sparks St., at 8 p. m. W. P., A. Snuggs; W. P. P., C. H. Hewlett; W. V. P., Walter Percy; W. T., W. R. Stroud; W. F. S., A. Aust; W. R. S, J. R. Hooper; C., Rev. H. Pollard; A. C., J. Hickmett.

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He Was From Ottawa.

The first prisoner was a well-dressed young man who gave his name as George Tabor. He seemed considerably put out at sight of so many spectators, and leaning over the railing he whispered to his Honor:

"Cawn't you try me in private, you know?"

"Cawn't do it," replied the court.

"But I don't like to stand up before such a crowd."

"Poor child, how sensitive you are! Why didn't you think of these things before you got drunk, and lay down on the street last night?"

"Fellow cawn't help his failings, you knaw. Was out to a champagne supper. Probably took too much. Probably ought to have gone home in a carriage, you knaw."

"You were very drunk, sir, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I regard it as a great disgrace."

"Oh, as to that, you knaw, all the bloods get dizzy now and then. Cawn't see where the disgrace comes in—weally, I cawn't. I expect to pay a fine, you know."

"Oh, you do? Well, you'll pay one. I shall fine you $5."

"Too cheap, your Honaw. Weally, but that's a scrub fine."

"Then I make it $10."

"That's better, you knaw, but it's only what a tough would have to pay."

"Then I'll say $15."

"Weally, your Honaw, but I couldn't go below $20, you knaw. Every blood should be willing to pay $20. Here's a $20 bill, your Honaw, and I will now bid you—ah—a good-day—ah."

And he bowed and scraped and took his hat and cane and departed.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Milkado's Wonderland

Casually walking along Rideau street, one cannot but notice the fine large new premises occupied by those solid business men, Messrs. Stroud Bros. Wishing to find out how they had recovered from the late fire we entered the store, where Mr. Stroud and a large staff of attendants were busy in receiving and unpacking a new consignment of Teas in baskets. Their new premises are beautifully fitted out and their direct Japan trade is increasing every year. Among the many new ideas of economy is one of importing Teas in baskets, a wonder to the wise men of the East and a marvel of cheapness. The purest Japan uncolored Teas are tastefully packed 20 in 1, 2 and 3 lb. pkges in beautiful baskets, the hand-work of the skilful Japanese. These baskets would cost considerable, if imported alone, by duty and freight but Stroud Bros. have hit on an excellent idea in getting fine teas in these wonderful little baskets, which are worth twice the price asked for the tea alone. Every lady and housekeeper in Ottawa should get one of these Japanese works of artistic skill by purchasing their tea at Strouds'. The price of the tea is 40c. and 45c. lb., with the baskets free of charge. The baskets are especially designed either as lunch or work baskets and are really worth alone from $1.00 to $3.00 at any store. The teas and baskets are imported direct from Yama shiro, Yokahama and Hiogo in Japan, and sold as imported.

Saw fish saws 50c., Sharks Eggs 7c., Sharks Teeth 15c.. Sea Bean 15c., Cotton Balls 8c., Porcupine Quills 10c. a doz., Catalogue and nice curiosity 10c. All post paid. Address John B. Wheeler, East Templeton, Mass,

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Philatelic and Numismatic.

There are in the U. S. twenty-one firms with capital ranging from $10,000 to $200,000 engaged solely in selling old and rare stamps to collectors.

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One of the rare 1804 U. S. cts. has come under our notice, being no less than an 1803 ct. with the "3" taken out and a "4" carefully inserted.

The first 20 sending 25c to us for a year's subscription will receive *free* a rare coin or stamp, valued from 5c. to 20c.

Chalmers' claim to the invention of the adhesive post stamp has not yet been sufficient to convince our idea but that Sir Rowland Hill brought the issue out. Major Evans' remarks on the subject, by the way, are very appropriate. We wait for proof.

Stamp dealers who wish advertising space in several leading philatelic journals in exchange for stamps should write to Jos. L. Munson, care Lock Box 424, Ottawa.

An English coin collector owns the eighty four guineas found in Nelson's possession when he fell at Trafalgar.

Palmer, of the Strand, London, Eng., is working hard to exterminate forged stamps.

To give some dubious people a pointer on what stamp collecting is, Palmer says that the two Mulready envelopes *used* on India paper will fetch $390; the 5c. New Brunswick, with the head of Connell, is worth $140; the two Reunion stamps are worth $500. At the recent auction sales of rare old used stamps in N. Y. lately the following are the prices paid:—1s., 1857, Newfoundland, $30; New Brunswick, 1s. $17.25; a Confederate stamp $63; a Mauritius stamp $50. Mr. Casey made $1970 on the sale of his collection; Rev. A Hœnecke received $1344; and Mr. J. M. Chute got $1060. That is philately.

Those Samoa stamps which have caused several philatelists to talk harshly of, are undoubtedly a regular issue. A gentleman in Honolulu sends us a letter in which he encloses another letter received from Samoa. It has two of the new palm tree stamps on it—a 2d. and 4d. and is post marked "Apia—Jan. 5—Samoa."

One of the leading Canadian collectors of note is Mr. F. R. E. Campeau, K C S, of this city. He has, without doubt, the largest collection of coins, medals, post stamps and curiosities in the Capital, and is continually adding to his already enormous collection. He is always prepared to make exchanges for coins or antiquities. Any of our numismatic readers who have anything to sell or exchange will do well to correspond with Mr. F. R. E. Campeau, Ottawa.

The International Exhibition of stamp collections opened this week at Antwerp.

Philatelists who wish to join the Canadian Philatelic Ass'n. should address Jno. R. Hooper, 68 Albert st., Ottawa, Ont., sec.pro-tem.

For The Jubilee Celebration.

We would advise all who really wish a good bargain to try Mr. E. Wilmots' store, 162 Sparks street. Mr. Wilmot not only has a large and beautiful stock of Books and Stationery, but childrens' expresses and wagons, dolls carriages, music, toys, pictures, mirrors, albums, purses, satchels, games of all kinds, seaside and other libraries, also a fine lot of Jewelry. After making a few purchases we really were surprised at the cheapness of his goods, and found we got for $1.00 what ordinarily cost us $2 in any other store. Ladies who want bargains should purchase their wools, silks, tinsels, macrame cord, etc., at Mr. Wilmot's, where they will find the best stock always on hand and the latest novelties of every description. One thing in particular Mr. Wilmot is making a great sacrifice in regards to prices, is in his great clearing sale of albums and vases in order to clear them out. The excellence of his stock and the marvelously low prices will well repay you for a visit to Wilmot's Book and Stationery store, 162 Sparks Street. Firecrackers, Roman candles, and Fireworks of all descriptions on hand. God save the Queen.

SCENE IN A RESTAURANT.

Nervous Traveller, (in a hurry): "By gracious, I have been waiting one hour and forty minutes for that chop I ordered. Here, waiter, fetch me some soda biscuits."

—:o:—

A "Green" Bridegroom.

A young colored man, good-looking, and evidently a steady worker, applied for a marriage license in Indianapolis the other day. He had just returned from his day's labor, as his dinner bucket and the condition of his clothing indicated. Deputy Clerk Joyce waited on him with the usual interrogatory:

"What is your name?"

"Green, I'se called."

"Green! What is your first name?"

"Green is my first name."

"What is your other name?"

"Oh! It's Needham, Needham Green."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, sir. It's Green Needham."

"Well, now, is it Needham Green or Green Needham?"

"Green is my name, my given name. It's Needham Green."

"It is not Green Needham?"

"Yes, sir, that's it."

It was finally registered to the prospective groom's satisfaction as Needham Green, but he had to refer to his companion for the name of the forthcoming bride.

—:o:—

The jubilee coinage of Victoria is expected shortly.

We are informed it is the intention of the Government to issue shortly more of that useful little 25c fractional currency note.

A side-view Bank of Montreal 1d. in fine order sold lately at $75, and the ½d. at $25.

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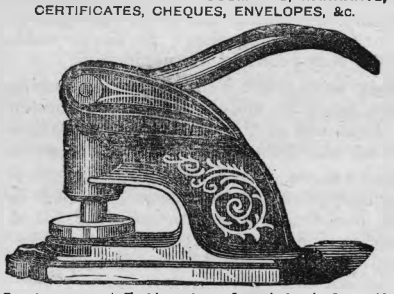

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PYKE'S Shirts, Collars, Ties, Etc., R the Best.

IT HAPPENED RIGHT.

"Shouldn't you like to be a heroine? asked Adelaide Moss of her cousin, Teeny Mills.

"I don't know," said Teeny, looking up as if she had been startled out of quite another train of thought. "Why, what made you think of that?"

"Oh, I don't know; I have always wished to be one—always longed to do some great thing, or be some great person. Sometimes I think it would give the greatest pleasure to be a splendid singer—like Jenny Lind, for instance. How she was worshipped! How grand it must have been to spring up from obscurity into something even greater than royalty."

"I don't believe she cared for the applause, though," said Teeny. "She wasn't at all that kind of a woman."

"And then," continued Adelaide, "there is Ida Lewis. What a splendid thing to be known for such heroism as hers—saving life. And I'm sure I do believe she might marry almost any rich man she chose, there are so many willing to take her."

"Why is that your idea of the acme of heroism—to enable one to marry a rich man?" queried Teeny.

"Well, no, not exactly; though it must be a fine thing to be rich, too."

"Then, almost all heroines are made by accident, or rather, their good fortune comes unsought. Ida Lewis never stopped to think whether the world would applaud. I presume no one was more astonished than herself when she saw her name and her brave acts making the sensation they did. So, dear, if you are ever a heroine, perhaps you will be as much astonished as Ida Lewis was."

"Ah!" responded Adelaide, with something like a sigh, "it isn't at all likely I shall ever do any brave or beautiful thing. I shall go plodding on baking bread, mending the children's clothes, helping mother, coaxing father when he gets low spirited and thinks we are all going to the poor-house, marry somebody who can just get me a living, so as to save the expense of being taken care of at home, and so on, for who knows how many years! I'm only 16 now."

Adelaide's brother came in just then.

"There's a plot under way, girls, to get us over to Silverton Falls to morrow," he said. "Dr. Jones is going with his sister Hattie, and Briggs says we can have his waggonette and welcome. What do you say?"

"It would be just splendid!" cried Adelaide.

"All right said John; "then I'll see to things. There will be some five or six couples going besides us. Dr. Jones' nephew—he's a great doctor, they say—and the Carrolls' cousins. Won't we have a jolly time!"

The morning came—a perfect one. The party took different routes home. John Moss started with old Dr. Jones' buggy in company. "Young Dr. Jones was parceled out to somebody else," the doctor said. He was very proud of his nephew.

They were about half way home, singing songs, laughing, and chatting, when, suddenly, from one of the cottages, a whimsical looking object started out toward the horses

John's horse, seeing the poor, silly scarecrow brandishing a broomstick, dressed in some outlandish manner, took fright and leaped on one side, upsetting the vehicle before John could control him, and they were all thrown out.

Fortunately the vehicle was caught by a tree and held so firmly that the shafts were taken, and the horse made his escape at a run.

"Anybody hurt?" cried the doctor, coming up with them, as John had succeeded in lifting Adelaide, who uttered a low cry of pain.

The doctor was an old man, almost too old for practice, "but good yet," he sometimes said, "for a broken limb."

"Something ails my arm?" said Adelaide with another moan of pain; "see I can't move it."

"Broken," said the old doctor sententiously.

Adelaide grew white at the lips, but controlled herself bravely. Her first thought was: "More expense for poor father."

"We had better take her into one of the poor cottages here, and I will set it," continued Dr. Jones. "Upon my word I wish my nephew had come back this way."

Adelaide was led into one of the poor cottages, her arm was set, and she bore the operation with great fortitude. Then, when the splints were on, she was taken home in the doctor's buggy.

For some days Dr. Jones pronounced the arm doing well; then he began to look grave and uncertain, and one day he said to his wife:

"I'm going to send to the city for James. There's something amiss with that arm, and I haven't the courage to tell them."

So he sent for his nephew, who came, looked at the sweet face of the invalid, recollected he had seen it before, looked at the arm, then pressed his lips together.

"The arm must be broken again, if you want the proper use of it. As it is it would be a deformity."

Adelaide hid her face. The hot tears scalded her cheek almost. She trembled for a moment from head to foot. The long, long bill, and her father so poor. At last she found voice.

"When should it be done?"

"As soon as possible. I will come tomorrow. You shall have ether. We will spare you all the pain we can."

Adelaide looked up in his face, very pale, as she said quietly:

"Doctor, I won't take ether, but," she lifted the arm with difficulty, "don't wait; please break it now. I am not afraid; I sha'n't faint. Now, while my courage is up."

He said nothing, but he set his lips together—a glance of admiration brightened his face for one brief moment—and then—it was over—and the suffering all to be gone through with again.

Nobody knew it till, pale, and exhausted, Adelaide was left, and the doctor detailed his experience to the family down-stairs, John sprang to his feet, and her father burst into tears.

"Your daughter is a heroine," said the doctor, admiringly. "I never saw such fortitude in my life."

Teeny ran up stairs, but her courage failed her at the door, and she could only kneel there and weep, and vainly strive for composure. At last, when she went in, Adelaide had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion.

We are happy to say that her father did not have a heavy bill to pay, for young Jones, the celebrated physician, found so much to admire in brave little Adelaide that he would not rest contented till he carried her off some time after as his wife.

"So you see," said Teeny afterward, "it happened about right for Addy after all, didn't it? She was a heroine, and she got a great and good man for a husband."

Why She Knew it Wasn't Right.

Little Dot—"Mamma, Dick is kissing me."

Mamma—"I am glad he likes you so well, dear."

"But it isn't w'ight."

"Oh, it don't matter, pet. What makes you think it isn't right?"

"Cause nurse told papa so."

Her Great Fault.

1st Dude—"Were you at the ball last night?"

2d Dude—"Yes."

"What is your opinio of Mrs. Rapid? Don't you think she is beautiful?"

"She has only one fault."

"And what is that?"

"Too much husband."

A Question of Time.

"I see by the papers," he said, "that the agent of a clock company in Toronto has skipped out with a boodle.'

"Yes."

"But the papers don't say whether he was running on standard or solar time."

"Oh, that makes no difference; the officers are after him meantime, and sometime he will be caught.

"I wonder why Miss Highflier sings in such a falsetto voice," remarked Mrs. S. "It's positively painful to hear her screech." "I can't imagine," replied Sarcasticus; "perhaps she has falsetto teeth."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

All husbands find fault with their meals. I know this to be true, because Mr. Bowser says so. I think it nothing strange when Mr. Bowser sits down to his dinner and begins:

"Humph! Same old corned beef!"

"Yes, my dear; it's the same corned beef you ordered as you went down this morning."

"Oh, it is! I didn't know but it was some I ordered a year ago! What do you call these things?"

"Potatoes, of course."

"Potatoes, eh?" I'll try and remember that name. And what's this?"

"Cabbage, my love."

"Oh! I didn't know but what it was a wood-pulp, my love! Was this bread made since the war?"

"Certainly. It is only two days old."

"Humph! Buying some poor coffee again, I see! Look at that! That stuff looks as if it was dipped out of a mud-hole!"

"But you ordered this very coffee yourself only night before last."

He growls and eats, and eats and growls, and I've got used to it. It is only now and then that he proceeds to violence. The other day he expressed his fondness for pumpkin pie, and I ordered the cook to have two or three. We had one brought on at supper, and as soon as Mr. Bowser saw it he sternly inquired:

"What do you call that performance there? When was it born, and where is it going to?"

"Mr. Bowser, you said you wanted some pumpkin pie."

"Yes."

"Well, here it is, and as good a one as you ever ate; I made it myself, after mother's favorite recipe."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you call that a pumpkin pie?"

"I do, sir."

"Then I want to be branded a fool! What do you take me for, anyway? Don't you suppose I was eating pumpkin pies before you were born?"

"Why isn't it a pumpkin pie?"

"Why isn't a boot-leg a boot? Where is your other crust?"

"But pumpkin pies never have an upper-crust."

"Don't they? Mrs. Bowser, you can deceive the cook, for she is a confinding foreigner, and you can stuff most any yarn down our poor little baby, but don't try to bamboozle me. It won't work. I'm glad for your sake that my mother isn't here to laugh at you."

In two days I had a letter from his mother, affirming that there was no upper-crust to a pumpkin pie, and I brought my own mother over in the flesh as a further witness, but what did Mr. Bowser do but loudly exclaim:

"Bosh? You old women have forgotten half you knew! You are thinking about pudding and milk, you are. Of course there is no upper-crust to pudding and milk, and I never said there was."

He cost me a good girl last week by one of his whims. happened to wonder aloud during the evening if she had put her bread to raise when he promptly inquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know why bread raises?"

"Because of the yeast."

"But why does the yeast expand the dough?"

"Because it does."

"Exactly. You also live because you do, and that's all you know about it! You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance of natural philosophy. I'll see if the girl knows any better."

He went out and inquired:

"Jane, have you put the bread to raise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect it to raise?"

"Of course."

"Why dont't you expect it to fall?"

"Are you running this kitchen?" she sharply demanded.

"Virtually, yes. My object is to see how well you are posted on natural philosophy. Why does the bread raise instead of fall?"

"Because its a fool, and I'm another for staying in a place where a man is allowed to hen-huzzy about the kitchen! I'll leave in the morning!"

And leave she did, and all the consolation I got from Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner was:

"It's a good thing she left. She might have mixed something together which would have caused our deaths. Come, now, hurry up the dinner."

Mr. Bowser has improved some in the direction of taking care of the baby. I can now leave them together as long as fifteen minutes without fear that one will kill the other by trying some experiment. They had been alone about seven minutes the other day while I was upstairs, and when I came down Mr. Bowser seemed quite agitated and whispered to me:

"I've suspected it all along!"

"What?"

"That our child is somewhat of a monstrosity! Look at that!"

And he pointed to the soft spot on the child's head where a throb could be detected.

"Every child has the same," I replied in a reassuring voice.

"Oh! they have, eh! What infant's asylum have you been matron of? Perhaps I married the mother instead of the daughter! I tell you that's a freak of nature, that is, and I shan't be surprised to come home any day and find a horn beginning to sprout!"

Wild Boys.

An old teacher in Maine is credited with a story of wild boys which is remarkable. He says that, years ago, he had in his school seven wild, bad boys, who seemed to have no pleasure so great as that of giving their teacher trouble. A short time ago he happened to visit the State Prison of Maine, and there he found three of his wild boys. In the Reform School of the same State were the other four!

A good teacher, well-sustained by his committee, ought to have been able to save some of the seven. Firm and judicious treatment can tame and civilize most wild doys. Not all, we grant; but seven is an inordinate number of incurables for one man's school.

Wild boys, however, be their number small or great, are the bane of our schools and the peril of our civilization. One such in a school of fifty,—one foolish, lawless, irrepressible boy, doubles the toil and anxiety of a teacher. Two of them go far toward undoing all the good a patient and gentle teacher can accomplish. Seven would create absolute chaos.

The wild boy is not, as a general thing, so depraved as he is silly and vain. His teacher is, usually, a kind and conscientious lady, often a young lady, who comes to school every morning clad in bright and dainty cleanliness, with an apron of spotless white, and a heart under it yearning to do her pupils good. The wild boy, who sends her home at night despairing and ashamed, what is he?

There he sits, in his dirty boots and dirty face, sprawling over his desk, a spectacle of indifference and latent rebellion, the centre from which proceeds all the disturbance and demoralization of the school. Often, he is the son of a widow, who has quite lost the power to control him, and looks to the school to do for him what she cannot.

But the "school" is this delicate and high-minded young lady, who cannot do battle with a thoughtless and unsavory lout of twice her strength, if not twice her weight. If she expels him, he roams the streets and developes rapidly into a criminal. If she permits him to remain, he spoils her school and embiters her every waking hour.

The time will come when our legislators will wisely provide for such cases; but, in the meantime, well disposed boys can do much towards delivering teachers from the wild ones of their number.

Boys understand boys. They know that these wild, disobedient fellows are usually very ignorant and stupid, and can not stand against the public opinion of the school, if it is clearly expressed.

The gentlemen of a school can prevent the abuse of kind and good teachers if they will but unite to do it, and consider patiently the best way to do it.

Why not a Law-and-Order League in a school?

A COLD CATCH.

By a Secret Service Detective.

In the winter of 1864 I was sent to the northern part of New York State to "work up" a case against a gang who had been putting out a great deal of counterfeit money. Merchants and business men of Ogdensburg, Potsdam, Canton and Plattsburg and other towns were all stuck with counterfeit of that denomination issued during the war, and the face sides of them were printed from a stolen plate. The paper was a little off and the engraving of the backs had been hurried too much, but during the rush and excitement of war times such a bill would pass muster with the merchants in any small town.

At Ogdensburg I began to pick up my first points. That town had been worked with a rush by a gang and $20,000 in the "queer" money had been left there inside of two days. There were five people in the gang. One claimed to be a buyer of horses, another was looking for an opening to establish a big factory and the others had other excuses. All had departed several days before I reached there, but I soon located their next work at Canton. Only three people had been engaged in the work there. At Potsdam an old merchant had kindly exchanged $800 in $20 bills for the bogus stuff for a premium of $6, and I found that only one member of the gang had been seen there. I went back to Ogdensburg believing that to be temporary headquarters of the gang, and a wonderful bit of luck awaited me.

The snow lay deep on the ground, with more falling every day, and I took a horse and sleighand beat up the country around. On my second excursion, riding to the east of the city, I was caught in a blizzard and driven to shelter in a roadside inn. The place was temporarily in charge of a middle-aged woman of very common looks and speech, assisted by her son, a boy of 15. She explained that the place belonged to her brother and wife, but that they had gone off on a trip to Oswego and secured her to manage it during their absence. There was a spirit of rancor in her speech, and as soon as I began to draw her out she exclaimed :

"Well, it's queer how some folks may work their finger-nails off and not get ahead, while others do nothing and have plenty of money ! Last fall my brother was ready to give up that he couldn't make his salt here, but this winter he seems loaded down with money, and his wife will hardly look at me."

"Travel over the road must be heavy."

"Bah ! He's had two or three men boarding here for a few weeks, but their money wouldn't more than run the house."

She had seen the men several times, and she gave me perfect descriptions of my counterfeiters. During the twenty-four hours I was in the place I searched every nook and corner of it, and unearthed enough stuff to convict my men a dozen times over. The place had been made a headquarters, and some of the men had wigs of two or three different colors, false whiskers, and clothes to make up as various characters. One of them had evidently made up as a woman, for a complete outfit was found in his room.

The first step was to reach Ogdensburg and secure help, but it was noon of the second day before I could start, and then I was the first one over the road, which was badly drifted at points. Three miles from the hotel, just where a big drift narrowed the highway, I encountered a sleigh coming from town. There were four people in it, and although all were muffled up I felt certain that they were my game coming back to headquarters after their trip. I was just coming out of the cut as I met them. Indeed, they were waiting for me to come out. I had only a minute or two to think, and perhaps that was the reason I took such risks. They had two horses and a sleigh with a wagon box on it. A man and woman sat on the front seat and two men on the seat behind. I had to crowd close up to them to pass, and at the right moment I leaped from my cutter into the sleigh and let my horse go. He started off on a brisk trot, and the occupants of the sleigh hadn't time to understand what was occurring when I had a revolver out, a hand on the collar of one of the men, and was saying :

"Back your team out and turn around ! you are my prisoner, and at the first excuse I will begin shooting !"

I stood in the sleigh behind them all the way back to the city, and not a single word passed between us. It seemed as if the cold and sudden surprise had made them dumb. When searched every one of the men had a quantity of the "queer" about him, and it wasn't two hours before the hotelkeeper's wife made a full confession, and was in turn followed by her husband. She got off scott free, while he got two years and the other two men were sent up for five years apiece.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I should like to spoke a few words to Brudder Caravan Johnson if he am in de hall to night," said the President as the triangle sounded.

Caravan slipped on his shoes and came forward and the President continued :

"Brudder Johnson, I h'ar dat you am contemplatin' a journey down into Kaintucky ?"

"Yes, sah,"

"Gwine down past Leweyville to see some of yer relashun ?"

"Yes, sah."

"Dat's what I heard, an' I hope you a pleasant journey. As you will be representative of dis club while absent, I want to say a few words to you in a fatherly speerit. In the fust place put on a clean shirt to start out wid. I believe dar' am mo' battles won by clean shirts dan frew generalship. A clean shirt commands public respect, eben if de wearer's boot heels am all run down. It's a sorter sign of de wearer's decency an' honesty. It won't pay yer way frew the tollgate, but it will make de toll man duck his head to you an' rememder dat you wasn't a hoss.

"Purceed on your way quietly. Yer doan' own de State of Michigan, an' you don't kerry Detroit in your vest pocket. De man who enters a town wid two brass bands ahead of him an' a crowd of people behind him has got to be a good talker, a smooth liar an' a chap full o' promises or he will fall flat.

"Keep your money in de toe of your shoe in de daytime, an' at night hide it in de straw bed. A man may be eber so good, an' great, an' wise, but if he becomes deadbroke among strangers nine people out of ten will take him fur a sharper playin' his leetle game.

"Only half de road belongs to you. De odder half am reserved by law fur de man gwine in de opposite direckshun.

"When you arrove at a fust-class hotel to put up fur de night, doan' seek to create the ideah dat you got dar' by speshul train, an' dat fried oysters, banana-fritters an' champagne make you tired. You will simply be given de poorest room in de house an' charged de highest price when you settel up.

"Doan' start out wid a revolver in your pocket, an' as you work along frew Ohio an' Kentucky let politics alone, hev no disputes about religun, an' concede de fackt dat de world wasn't created speshually fur your benefit. You may now take your seat, an' de hull lodge will jine in wid me in wishin' you a safe an' pleasant journey."

TOO EARLY YET.

The Secretary then announced a communication from Columbus, O., inquiring if the colored men of America intended to put a Presidential candidate into the field in 1888, and asking Brother Gardner if he would accept the nomination if tendered him. Sudden and lively interest was manifested throughout the hall, and there was deep silence as the old man replied :

"As to de fust query, it am too airly to answer definitely, but I ar' of de opinyun dat our race will conclude not to put forward any candydate. It doan' appear dat de time am ripe yit. As to de second queshun, a mominashun would be a great honor, but if dar' was any hope of leckshun I think I should decline it. I kin now go home arter my work an' eat supper in my shirt-sleeves, an' den sot down an' pop corn an' eat apples an' soak up an' pare down my co'ns an' bunyons. I couldn't do dat if I war' President, an' I reckon I shall decline to run."

IT FELL DOWN.

Trustee Pullback then sent to the Secretary's desk a preamble and resolution, the former beginning with :

"*Whereas*, Our present relashuns wid England am so strained dat one———."

At this point the Secretary had to stop to study over the next word, and the President said :

"De Seckretary may boot dat paper under de table ! Brudder Pullback when did you find out dat our present relashuns wid England war strained ?"

"I—I dunno, sah."

"Who strained 'em ?"

"I can't tell."

"Somebody has made a fool of you, sah ! De relashuns between America and England am as slick as a streak of grease, and dey will continue so until tom-fool statesmen upset 'em. You sot down, sah, an' de next break will result in purceedin's to make chills creep up your spine."

ELDER TOOTS SET BACK.

The Librarian secured the floor to remark that he didn't want to seem captious, nor did he like to lodge a complaint against any member, but he felt it his duty to say that Elder Toots was making an obstructionist of himself. He was the first one into the library after the doors were opened, and was the last to leave. He brought his corncob pipe and mouth organ with him, and when he wasn't smoking a mixture of cabbage-leaves and tobacco he was playing "Old Dan Tucker" on the organ. No matter who was reading, nor how much they were annoyed, the Elder persisted in his conduct. It was hoped that some action would be taken by the club to bring about a change The Elder was fast asleep in his chair as usual, but Samuel Shin poured a dipper of water down the back of his neck, and as he got his eyes open Brother Gardner called to him :

"Elder, I'ze wantin to remark a few obsevashuns to you ! If you want to visit de club library an' look over our work on poultry to see why your hens doan' lay biled aigs dat's all right, but the fust time I happen in dar' an' you has got a pipe or a mouforgan I'll take de law in my own hands an' make you tired !"

The Elder sat down in a dazed way, shivered a few times under the wet streak down his back, and then dozed off to sleep again.

THEY BALANCE.

The Chairman of the Committee on Finance reported that his books balanced for March, and that the general accounts for the last quarter had been looked over, audited and balanced up.

"I would also add," said the President, "dat all odder books about dis place also balance. Dey hes to. When dar comes a time in dis hall dat de cash doan' walk right up to figgers you am gwine to hear of somebody gittin' hurt. No one pusson am 'lowed to handle ober thirty-five cents at any one time, an' he can't be gone ober an hour at once wid dat. We believe all men am honest, but we believe dat nine out of ten of 'em can't stand temptashun. We will now embrace de opportunity to go home."

Good Advice to Women.

There is any amount of good sense in the advice given by a business woman to her fellow women, to the effect that they are just as much bound as men are to support themselves in some fair, honest way, according to the position and opportunities within their reach. What is the use of a girl, any more than a boy, thinking that it is the right thing that she should tax father and mother, and all her brothers and sisters, in order that she may earn her bread as an indifferent painter, or as a third or fourth rate singer ? If she can manage to get the requisite education without oppressing or wronging others, good and well. If she fails, then nobody need complain, or nobody need feel mortified but herself. But just as it is monstrous for a whole family to toil and moil in order to give one boy a superior education, often to very little purpose, so it is equally so with girls. If the boy has the requisite talent and go he will make his way, if not to the top of the tree, at least as far as he has any business to aspire to. So with girls. Self-support they ought to feel is indispensable, but if circumstances will not allow them to dream of the grand "role" then let them take the small, and be thankful. Many a father and mother beggar themselves to make one son "a gentleman and scholar" and get small thanks for their pains. He turns out a dismal failure, or a selfish, insufferable, cad. If he had been helped in a reasonable way, without his parents sacrificing for him the interest of the rest, he might have been a credit to himself and a comfort to all in a moderate way. So with girls. What says this sensible "business woman" referred to :

"To *work* out our own salvation is as necessary to women as to men. Nothing valuable in this world is to be had without labour and we should not wait for necessity to compel us to work before we begin to try to learn how. But our choice of employment will, of course, largely depend upon our circumstances. If we are so situated that we have both money and time to pursue a light and agreeable avocation that requires the faculties afforded by wealth for its successful prosecution, we are fortunate. If not, we must take the next best. But as a working woman, who has seen many lives frittered uselessly and painfully away in the effort to pursue such employments without either the money to render light the consequences of failure or the genius which surmounts all obstacles, I would earnestly urge every woman to let practical common sense, and not vanity or love of ease, be her guide in her choice of an employment."

As true as truth. And what is to be said of this ?

"As matters now stand most women are far too much helped, too much pitied, and too much praised for their own good. Girls —speaking not of the many noble exceptions, but of the average—are lacking in self-reliance, in courage to face the consequences of their own acts, in truthfulness, in magnanimity. And all this may justly be attributed to the over-help, the undue pity and the weak indulgence which they receive as children."

All which deserves and demands serious consideration. Good, reasonable, moderate help is right and all needed, but as much pluck ought to be both expected and demanded from girls as from boys. It is absurd in these days for butterfly girls, whether young or old, to meet with much patience, far less any admiration. It is not, and ought not to be any passport to honour or consideration for any woman to plead that she can do nothing, that she never had been able to help herself in any useful way, and that if reduced to the dire necessity of doing anything for her own support, she would either have to die or take to a life of shame.

Doing Well for His Size.

Visitor (to Flossie)—"And how is the baby to-day, Flossie ?"

Flossie—"Mamma thinks he is a little better."

Visitor—"Then he is not very much better ?"

Flossie—"No, ma'am. He couldn't be very much better, you know, because he is such a little bit of a baby."

All men try to get the earth, but the earth gets them. This is not a joke it is; the grave and solemn truth.

M. Barthelmy Saint Hilaire has published a work on British India, in which he advocates the formation of a league in Western Europe to check the advance of the Slav-empire.

Never set the lamp upon a red table cover ; if you cannot find time to make a green lamp-mat, put a piece of green cardboard under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* questions whether anybody was ever burnt alive. He writes : Of all the strange things in history that puzzled one's childhood, I do not remember anything that strained one's belief more than the stories of various persons who were made to harangue and argue, and even poke dry puns, while burning "at the stake." The story which harrowed me more than all concerned Savanarola. I think the book was by Dumas. A more shameless piece of circumstantial invention was never printed. More serious writers than Dumas, however, with less fascination of detail, have unblushingly assented that he was burnt alive ; and nine out of every ten of educated persons to whom you put the question would be found possessed of the belief that this was the case. Nevertheless, Savanarola certainly was not burnt alive. It is more than a ghastly myth that anybody ever was ?

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